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THE

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The Beggar's Opera

AN OPERA,

BY JOHN GAY.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

PYNE AND HARRISON TROUPE,

AT THE

BOSTON THEATRE.

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BOSTON:
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W. G. Preston
Dec 6, 1893.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Capt. Macheath,	Mr. W. Harrison.
Peachum,	Mr. Whiting.
Lockit,	Mr. G. W. Johnson.
Mat o' the Mint,	Mr. Lyster.
Ben Budge,	Mr. Forrester.
Crook Finger'd Jack,	Mr. Harcourt.
Jemmy Twitcher,	Mr. G. Johnson.
Wat Dreary,	Mr. Rae.
Nimming Ned,	Mr. Schneff.
Harry Paddington,	Mr. Hayes.
Robin of Bagshot,	Mr. Warre.
Drawer,	Mr. Holmes.
Filch,	Mr. Fiske.
Mrs. Peachum,	Mrs. Gilbert.
Polly,	Miss Louisa Pyne.
Lucy,	Mrs. Wood.
Mrs. Coaxer,	Mrs. Dixon.
Jenny Diver,	Miss C. Biddles.

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THE BEGGAR'S OPERA:

PRODUCED AT THE BOSTON THEATRE,

DECEMBER 13, 1854.

REMARKS.

The Beggar's Opera was originally written as a satire upon the "Italian Opera," and for two years it completely drove Italian Opera from the London stage. It was revised by Mr. HARRISON and the objectionable dialogue expunged; Mr. Harrison having performed Macheath for upwards of 400 nights in London.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

[*After the Overture the Curtain rises, and discovers Act Drop. Enter the* BEGGAR, *followed by* PLAYER, R. *before the Drop.*]

Beggar. If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at the weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please which is more than most poets can say.

Player. As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress; and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit; nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, (though you are in want,) I wish you success heartily!

Beggar. This piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad singers. I have introduced the similies, that are in all your celebrated operas:—the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural like those in vogue—for I have no recitative excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece, indeed, hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Player. But, I see 'tis time for us to withdraw—the actors are preparing to begin. Now, then, let them play away. [*Exeunt to symphony* L. H. *The Act Drop rises.*]

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Peachum's House.*

PEACHUM *sitting at table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR—PEACHUM.

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbor abuses his brother:
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions be rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me, too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for them; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll has sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gag, sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him; [*Writes*] for Tom Gag, forty pounds! Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods to our look this year than any five of the gang; and, in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'cape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women, —except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education. To say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming table.

AIR—FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind:
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat—when most she is kind,
She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practice every fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. 'Tis a pleasure to be a messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit*, L. H.

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang! [*Reading*] Crook-fingered Jack—a year and a half in the service. Let me see how much the stock owes to his industry. One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff boxes, five of them true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half-a-dozen of shirts, three tie perriwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat Dreary, *alias* Brown Will—an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behavior. Harry Paddington—a poor, petty larceny rascal, without the least genius. That fellow, though he were to live these six

months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Sam Slippery—he goes off the next sessions; for the fellow hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat-o'-the-Mint—'listed not above a month ago. A promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way—somewhat too bold and hasty; and may raise good contributions on the public if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tipple—a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand; a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robert of Bagshot, alias Gordon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Bob Booty——

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H.

Mrs. P. (*Sits* R. *of table.*) What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad has betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favorite customer of mine—'twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear. He spends his life among women; and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us forever!

Mrs. P. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so very partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is either going to the camp or gallows! But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickins is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worst for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do? So, my dear—have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear, and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the

captain. If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly—me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrilles. Pray, my dear is the captain rich?

Peach. The captain keeps much too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. P. Really, I am sorry upon Polly's account, the captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! What a plague doth the woman mean? Upon Polly's account.

Mrs. P. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. P. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad as to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their mistresses, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. P. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her! In the meantime, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [*Exit* L. H.

Mrs. P. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? And why must our Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men! All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Mrs. P. Come hither, Filch. If an unlucky session

does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch. I plied at the opera, madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. [*Draws handkerchiefs from up his sleeves, under each side of his waistband, from each leg, and one from his neck; as he draws it up, looking as if he were hanging.*] These seven handkerchiefs, madam!

Mrs. P. Colored ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff box.

Mrs. P. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Plague take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! it stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth; so that every now and then since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. P. I thought boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar.—Do you know any thing that hath passed between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly—for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. P. But when the honor of our family is concerned.

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honor, by betraying anybody.

Mrs. P. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial, that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt* R. H.

Enter PEACHUM *and* POLLY, L. H.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself, and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court, or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out you have played the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now, you know my mind.

Enter MRS. PEACHUM, R. H., *in a very great passion.*

AIR. "Oh, London is a fine town."

Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her—
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves, and lace, and she will have men beside;
And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting, fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! Had you been hanged, it would not have vexed me, for that might have been your misfortune—but to do such a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, husband!

Peach. Married! The captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money—to be sure, he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, baggage.

Mrs. P. I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool, and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, you foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself, in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Be-

sides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying—and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife.

Mrs. P. With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead, by squeezing out an answer from you.

Mrs. P. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them—they break through them all! They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Well, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

[Polly *crosses to* C.]

AIR—POLLY. "Grim King of the Ghosts."

Can love be controlled by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 't would have melted away.
When he kiss'd me, so closely he press'd,
'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. P. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him—as 'tis the fashion—coolly and deliberately, for honor or money—but I love him.

Mrs. P. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband! husband! [*Crosses to* C.] Her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—oh———[*Faints in a chair.*]

Peach. See wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother. A glass of cordial this instant! [Polly *goes out and returns with it* R. H. Mrs. P. *drinks.*] How the poor woman takes it to heart! [Polly *pours out a second glass, giving it to* Mrs. P.—*as she is about to drink, he takes it from her, and drinks.*] This is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. (R.) Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is in this way.

Mrs. P. (C.) The girl shows such readiness, and so much concern, that I almost could find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR. "O Jenny, Oh, Jenny, where hast thou been."

Mrs. P. O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd—
By keeping men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teazed me,
And he so pleased me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. P. Not with a highwayman, you sorry slut!

Peach. (L.) A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear. Make yourself a little easy—I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. [*Crosses to* Polly.] Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must endeavor to make the best of it. [*Crosses to* R. H.]

Mrs. P. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee. Your father is too fond of you, hussy. [*Crosses to* R. H.]

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. P. A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married.

AIR—POLLY. "Thomas, I cannot."

Like a ship in storms was toss'd,
Yet afraid to put into land,
Far seized in the port, the vessels
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression
Thus safe ashore,
I ask no more—
My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room; go, talk with them, Polly—but come again as soon as they are gone. [*Exit* Polly, L. H.] Dear wife, be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. P. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations—there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out.

Mrs. P. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already: and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be considered. The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned. He brought in a damask window curtain, a hoop petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair—for matters must not be left as they are. You are married, then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, sir.

Peach. And how do you expect to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, sir—upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. P. What! is the wench turned fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

Peach. And had you not the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, sir. How then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever

she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him 'peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love? The blood runs cold at my heart at the very thought of it.

Peach. Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business—so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. P. To have him 'peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR—POLLY. "Now ponder well, ye parents dear."

O ponder well! be not severe—
So save a wretched wife:
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. P. But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me? I know my heart—I cannot survive him.

Mrs. P. What! is the fool in love in earnest, then? Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me, mother—if you ever loved———

Mrs. P. Those cursed play books she reads have been her ruin! One more word, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. (C.) Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. P. Away, hussy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [Peachum *pushes* Polly *off*, R. H.] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But, really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bra-

very, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. P. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest. He shall be taken off.

Mrs. P. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt* Peachum, L. H. *and* Mrs. Peachum, R. H.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

Polly. Now I'm a wretch, indeed! Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand. I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! I see him at the tree—the whole circle are in tears! What, then, will become of Polly? As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape. It shall be so. But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! That, too, will distract me. If he keeps me out of the way my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy! If he stays he is hanged, and then he is lost forever! He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

Enter MACHEATH, D. L. F.

Mac. (L.) Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?
Polly. (R.) Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!
Mac. O pretty, pretty Poll!

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honor, my courage—suspect anything but my love. May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you—for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were false in love.

AIR—MACHEATH. "Pray, fair one, be kind."

My heart was so free,
It roved like the bee,
'Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt each flower,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flower is united

Polly. Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you, could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from a quadrille—but to tear me from thee is impossible.

DUET. "Over the hills and far away."

Mac. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my lass—
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.
Polly. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was closed,
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast reposed.
Mac. And I would love you all the day—
Polly. Every night would kiss and play—
Mac. If with me you'd fondly stray—
Polly. Over the hills and far away!

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee; but, oh—how shall I speak it—I must be torn from thee! We must part!

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We must—we must! My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee—thy life depends upon a moment! Begone—farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold!

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hanged.

Polly. Oh, how I fear—how I tremble. Go—but when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till then, Polly is wretched.

DUET. "Oh, the broom." [*They separate during Duet.*]

Mac. (L.) The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

Polly. (R.) The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

[*Exeunt* Polly R. *and* Macheath, L. H.]

SCENE 2. *A Tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWICHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT-O'THE-MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy, and Tobacco.* FILCH *at a small Table,* R. H.

AIR—MAT. "Fill every glass."

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else on heart desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Enter MACHEATH L. H. *singing last line of Chorus.*

Mac. Gentlemen, well met; my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honor of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage coachman, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers upon the Western road, who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party, but ——

All. But what, sir?

Filch. (*Last.*) But what? (R.)

Mac. Is there any one that suspects my courage?

Mat. *We* have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honor and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

All. Are any of us suspected?

Filch. (*Last.*) Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honor ——

All. Oh!

Mac. And as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to show us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

All. And I!

Filch. And I!

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends.

All. Oh!

Mac. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

Mat. He is to us of great consequence.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang.

All. How?

Mac. Which I can never do but with life.

All. Oh! At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[*Sits down melancholy at the table.*]

AIR AND CHORUS.—MAT-O'THE-MINT AND GANG.

Let us take the road—
Hark, I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.

[*The Gang, ranged in the Front of the Stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles.* Mat *heads them, they go off in procession,* R. H. *bowing to* Macheath, *and singing the first part in Chorus. When all off they give three cheers—the last in the distance.*]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex—[*Rises.*]—and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.—MACHEATH. "Would you have a young virgin."

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those—
Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

There is nothing unbends the mind like women. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

Enter Drawer, R. H. D.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions.

Drawer. I expect him back every minnte: but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-hole. [*Bell.*] Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. I will shew them up. Coming! coming!

[*Exit* R. H.

Enter MRS. COAXER *and* JENNY DIVER, R. H.

Mac. Now, pray, ladies, take chairs. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Mrs. C. (R.) We have so many interlopers; yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure it is Jenny Diver.

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, sir, to show my fondness before company. But, to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. (C.) The road, indeed, hath done me justice but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

Jenny. (L.) A man of courage should never put anything to the risk but his life. [*Takes up his pistol.*] These are the tools of a man of honor. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends. [*They take him about the neck, and make signs to* Peachum *and* Constables, *who rush in upon him.* R. H.]

Peach. (Down R.) I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy ducks—who can trust them? Jades—jilts—furies!

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR.—MACHEATH. "When first I laid siege to my Chloris."

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure—
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure;
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.

[*Exit* Macheath, *guarded with* Peachum *and* Constables, R. D.—Jenny *and* Mrs. Coaxer, L. H.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *Newgate.*

Enter LOCKIT *and* MACHEATH, L. H.

Lock. Noble captain, you are welcome! You have not been a lodger of mine this year and a half. You know the custom sir. Garnish, captain—garnish. Hand me down those fetters, there. [*Noise of chains behind.*]

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him. Hand them down, I say! [*Chains heard.*] We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten: and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many and so exhorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the captain better.—Take down the further pair.

Enter Turnkey *with the chains*, R. H. *and puts them on.*

Lock. Do but examine them, sir—never was better work—how genteely they are made. They will sit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely! And so, sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt* Lockit *and* Turnkey, L. H.

Mac. To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, till I am hanged), be confident to hear the reproaches of a wench, who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father; and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution. But I promised the wench marriage. What signifies a promise to a woman? does not man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things

that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations. But here comes Lucy and I cannot get from her; would I were deaf. [*Gets* L. H.

Enter LUCY, R. H., *she walks to him.*

Lucy. You base man, you! how can you look me in the face after what has passed between us? Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure!

AIR—LUCY. "A lovely lass to a friar came."

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon.
Then she throws him, to the dog or cat,
To be worried, crushed, and shaken.

Mac. (L.) Have you no tenderness my dear Lucy, to see your husband in these circumstances.

Lucy. (R.) A husband!

Mac. In every respect but form; and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honor, his word is as good as his bond!

Lucy. It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined!

AIR—LUCY. "'Twas when the sea was roaring."

How cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat ungarded creatures,
Of virtue, fame, and rest.
Whoever steals a shilling,
Through shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjur'd villain,
With boasts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very first opportunity, my dear, (but have patience), you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly.

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

Mac. Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house—I chat with the girl——

Lucy. Oh!—

Mac. I kiss her.

Lucy. Kiss?—oh.

Mac. I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do), that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade has set it about that I am married to her.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples in making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy to give you satisfaction —if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So, then, it seems you are not married to Miss Polly?—

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited —no man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies), her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever!

AIR. "The sun had loos'd his weary teams."

The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter—
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown—
[*Looking at his hat, as if a glass, pulling a curl over his forhead.*]
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But, alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are always unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father. Perhaps this way we may

light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word. [*Exeunt* R. H.

Enter PEACHUM *and* LOCKIT *with an account book*, L. H.

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands your last year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fairly and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs' without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid those matters may be carried too far. We are treated too, by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest; because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, anywhere else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.—LOCKIT. "How happy are we."

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, that was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case; for he told me in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum, this is the first time my honour was ever called in question!

Peach. Business is at end if once we act dishonorably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm brother?

Lock. He that attacks my honor, attacks my livelihood; and this usage, sir, is not to be borne!

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information money, for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information!

Lock. Is this language to me sirrah? who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah! [*Collaring each other.*]

Peach. If I am hanged it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal!

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!

Peach. Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute, for you know we have it in our power to hang each other! You should not be passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking!

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest—'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon!

Lock. Brother Peachum, I can forgive as well as resent: Give me your hand—suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

[*Exit,* L. H.

Enter LUCY, R. H.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you, and hate him!

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release! Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.—LUCY. "Of a noble race was Shenkin."

Is then his fate decreed, sir,
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my heart is splitting.

Lock. Look ye, Lucy, there is no saving him; so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful. [*Exit*, L. H.

Enter MACHEATH, R. H.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples. Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair!

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners, must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well-timed and properly applied, will do any thing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety. [*Crosses* R.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

Polly. Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck? Why dost thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was there ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am?

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain?

Polly. Oh, Macheath, was it for this we parted? Taken, imprisoned, tried, hanged! Cruel reflection: I'll stay with thee till death! no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee, now. What means my love? not one kind word? not one kind look? Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition! [*They both lay hold of him.*]

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted.

Lucy. Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them. Oh, villain—villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it. Look on me. Tell me—am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I, too. If you had been kind to me till death it would not have vexed me.

Lucy. Art thou, then, married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mac. (C.) If woman's tongue can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. (R.) I won't! Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

Polly. (L.) Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak!

AIR—MACHEATH. "Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty."

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while ye thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say,
But tol de rol, &c.

[*During song, he crosses to each, they turn away, &c. End of song, he sits on table,* C. *swinging his legs, and singing the last line.*]

Polly. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown to a wife—at least, she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh, villain! villain! thou hast deceived me! I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

DUET—POLLY AND LUCY. "Irish trot."

Polly. I'm bubbled——
Lucy. I'm bubbled———
Polly. Oh, how I'm troubled,
Lucy. Bamboozled and bit!
Polly. My distresses are doubled.

[*He is twirling his hat, and sitting on the table—she knocks it it out of his hand.*]

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.
Polly. I'm bubbled, &c.

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow! Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging!

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you do but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances, Miss Polly!

AIR—POLLY.

Cease your funning,
Force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these sallies,
Are but malice,
To seduce my constant man.
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shown;
Pleas'd to ruin
Others' wooing,
Never happy in their own.

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve to the husband while his wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, Polly—this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey to show you the door! I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred, madam!

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam!

AIR. "Good morrow, gossip Joan."

Lucy. Why, how now, madam Flirt?
If thus, you must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,

Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. Why, how now saucy jade?
Sure the wench is tipsy——

Lucy. Tipsy! [Macheath *interposes.*]
How can you see me made [*To him.*]
The scoff of such a gipsey?
Saucy Jade! [*To her.*]

Enter PEACHUM, L. H.

Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him. I must speak—I have more to say to him. Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not pull me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves. Away! not a word more. You are my prisoner now, hussy! [*Exeunt* Peachum *and* Polly—Lucy *pulls* Macheath *away—seats herself,* L.—*rocks her chair*—Macheath *looks over each shoulder—she turns away.*]

Mac. I am naturally passionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee!

Lucy. (*Rises.*) How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

Lucy. Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. Make me, if possible, love thee still more, and let me owe my life to thee—if you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape!

Lucy. My father, I know hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with

thee, my dear? [*Pause.*] I say, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come, then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and though you love me not, be grateful. But that Polly runs in my head strangely. [*Crosses* R. H.]

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy forever.

SCENE 2. *An apartment in* 1 G.

Enter LUCY, L. H.

Lucy. Jealousy, rage, love and fear are at once tearing me to pieces. How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distress!

AIR.—LUCY. "One evening, having lost my way."

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight.
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in. [*Exit* Filch, L. H.

Enter POLLY, L. H., *both curtsey formally.*

Dear madam, your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last—I was so over-run with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really, when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excused by a friend.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behavior, madam, but my misfortunes; and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you allow me to propose a glass of cordial to you.?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache! I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections! Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer. [*Aside.*] I have the ratsbane ready! [*Exit,* R. H.

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time, too, when I know she hates me! I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

Re-enter LUCY, *with strong waters,* R. H.

AIR. LUCY.

Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapors of despair,
And make us light as air—
Then drink, and banish care.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose; you must, my dear excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company.

Polly. What do I see? Macheath again in custody.

[*Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.*]

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, *and* Constables, [R. H.

Lock. (R.) Set your heart at rest, captain—you have neither the chance of love or money for another escape; for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. (*Gets* L.) Away, hussies! this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. (R. C.) Oh, husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. (L. C.) Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly! Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? With me thou hadst been safe,

DUET.—POLLY AND LUCY. "The last time I went o'er the moor."

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes—
Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.
Polly. Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.
Lucy. Oh, shun me not, but hear me.
Polly. 'Tis Polly sues——
Lucy. 'Tis Lucy speaks.
Polly. Is thus true love requited.
Lucy. My heart is bursting——
Polly. Mine, too, breaks.
Lucy. Must I——
Polly. Must I be slighted?

Mac. What would you have me say, ladies? You see the affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling of this point, captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows.

AIR.—MACHEATH. "Tom Tinker's my true love."

Which way shall I turn me? how can I decide?
Wives, the day of your death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
But two at a time, there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.

Polly. But, if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father sure, will be more compassionate. Dear, dear sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.—POLLY. "I'm a poor Shepherd undone."

When my hero in court appears,
And stands arraigned for his life,
Then think upon poor Polly's tears,
For, ah, poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor, he holds up his hand,
Distress'd on the dashing wave;
To die a dry death on land,
Is as bad as a watery grave.
And alas, poor Polly—
Alack, and well-a day:
Before I was in love,
Oh, ev'ry month was May.

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly—your husband is to die today; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

Lock. We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR—MACHEATH. "Bonny Dundee."

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged—a terrible show;
I go undismayed, for death is a debt,
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell, my love—dear charmers, adieu—
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute, for the rest of our lives,
For this way, at once, I please all my wives.

[*Exeunt* Peachum, Lockit, Macheath, &c. R. Polly *and* Lucy, L.

SCENE 3. *The Condemned Hold. Table* R. *with Brandy Table* C. *with Wine.*

MACHEATH *in a melancholy posture, sitting* L. *of* C. *table.*

MEDLEY. "Happy groves."

Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case——
Must I suffer this disgrace?

"Of all the girls that are so smart."

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threatening death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief,
As this best friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*]

"Britons, strike home."

Since I must swing, I scorn—I scorn to wince or whine! [*Rises.*]

"Chevy Chace."

But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine. [*Drinks.*]

"To old Sir Simon the King."

But valor the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking—
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? [*Drinks.*]

"Joy to great Cæsar."

If thus a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.

[*Pours out a bumper of brandy,* R.]

"There was an old woman."

So I drink off this bumper, and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.

"Green sleeves."

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Filch. Miss Polly, and Miss Lucy, entreat a word with you. [*Exit*, L. H.

Enter LUCY *and* POLLY, L. H.

Mac. My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end.

TRIO—LUCY, POLLY, *and* MACHEATH, "All you that must take a leap."

Lucy. Would I might be hang'd——
Polly. And I would so too.
Lucy. To be hanged with you———
Polly. My dear with you.
Mac. Oh, leave me to thought. I fear—I doubt!
I tremble—I droop! See, my courage is out.
[*Turns up the empty pot.*
Polly. No token of love?
Mac. See, my courage is out.
[*Turns up the empty bottle.*
Lucy. No token of love?
Polly. Adieu!
Lucy. Farewell! [*Bell heard.*]
Mac. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Enter FILCH, L. H.

Filch. Four wives more, captain, with a child a-piece.
Mac. Tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE 4. *An apartment in* 1 G.

Enter PLAYER *and* BEGGAR.

Player. (L.) But honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed?

Beggar. Most certainly, sir. To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the

audience must suppose that they were all either hanged or transported.

Player. Why, then, friend, this is a down-right deep tragedy! The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily.

Beggar. Your objection, sir, is very just, and is easily removed; for you must allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—so, you rabble there—run, and cry a reprieve! Let the prisoner be brought back ~~to his wives~~ in triumph.

Mob. (Without.) Reprieve! reprieve!

Player. All this we must do to comply with the taste of the town.

Beggar. Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road, the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral; 'twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their vices, in a degree, as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them. [*Exeunt*, L. H.

SCENE 5. *The Outside of the Prison* 5 G.

Scene opens and discovers the Yard of the Prison. Lucy, Macheath, Peachum, Mrs. Peachum, Filch and Mob.

Mac. So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. For this time, I take Polly for mine, and for life, you slut—for we are really married. As for the rest—but at present keep your own secret, and we'll testify our joy with a dance.

[*Old Fashioned Figure Dance, to the same Air as Finale.*]

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